



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Mass Malthusian Delusions"

NFT exclusive  
Just for you listen, to the music  
Mass Malthusian delusions  
Of grandeur eucalyptic facades  
It feels so soothing  
Very nice to meet you, Ms. Big Booty  
My name is Captain Stubing  
I hope I'm not intruding  
Of course, you're still recouping  
From yesterdays afternoon thing  
The blow fishing and they're rooting  
Serenading and crooning  
I've got good news  
The weathers improving  
And everyone's assembling  
For the debut viewing  
Of my newly released  
Jekyll and Hyde movie  
It's promised to be a doobie  
But if you don't feel like  
Hanging out wit' the groupies  
You can pop the coochie  
And we watch some other Netflix movie  
There was a knock on the door  
And a deep voice "Por favor, señor"  
While we were anchored directly offshore  
He said he's only got enough space  
To show me there's no space left  
Yo, who is this fucking space cadet?  
I told him these rhymes  
Were designed elsewhere  
Then brought to Earth  
Through a stargate, yeah  
I get paid to produce it  
Even if you don't listen to it  
So I don't care what you do with it  
First, we must establish a baseline  
If you can hear this rhyme  
You've already interfered with time  
One hour of therapy every Tuesday  
In a room alone with Papa Tubay  
We hold hands and pray  
To the beat for root play  
They help me getaway  
From the black bootleg  
No need to say more  
Its a new day

Whoever take, you break, you pay  
Far away from a Darkside moonbase  
Bumping that new DJ Whoo Kid tape  
Illuminate the whole modern human race  
You are great, but only in a future time and place  
The current test method  
All by itself is a death sentence  
Just listen, then I'll answer your questions  
Neon orange leaves  
Japanese maple trees  
If you scream, I'll staple your knees  
My muse is my lover  
And there is much more to discover  
The perfect poetry, the hunger  
This is not fictitious  
My Queen eats delicious  
King Vicious on port Marion dishes  
Bread and shrimp  
Mixed with peppermint  
Over shredded pimp  
Nobodies ever had it since  
Scotch bonnet pepper  
On the road to Mecca  
Nobodies ever told this story better  
Placebo based controls  
Take your soul  
Erase what you know  
Then put your brain back in the same skull  
Music to my ears  
The nightmares of ones own fears  
Now imagine it's written in layers  
Sigillum Dei Signum Dei Vivi  
My new system makes the old system obsolete  
Frankenstein's experiment has escaped the lab  
These knuckles made of brass  
Need a face to smash  
The qurag is engraved on your face  
On your mask, on your ass  
On your feet and at the base of your hands  
There's no pit of fire in the lake, my man  
Only highly flammable vapes and gas  
No please, yes thanks  
Just talk to me champ  
They must have emptied your memory banks  
Now I question your trustworthiness  
You're a dirty little subversionist  
What you keep searching for, bitch?  
Chronic fatigue syndrome  
Google it and get the new ringtone  
You ain't grown  
You shrinking homes  
They call me Mazeltov Malkovich  
And my hollow bones conduits

Help me get something out of it  
The name of the album  
Is "One Step Closer"  
The sigil magic involved is sideways 'ocho'  
Marco, "Polo"  
Hiding from Kronos  
Sunbathing in a magnetic sun  
Through the ozone  
A randomized control trial  
You see its all about style  
And whatever they talk about now  
The whens, the whys, the hows  
It all stays hidden in the files  
That's why it's called a control trial  
Mass Malthusian delusion  
Is this an illusion set up by the illusionists?  
Or is this a group of illumined ones doing this?  
Or is this an advocate group with a movement  
Not knowing what the movement is?  
Is this complete and utter foolishness?  
Or is this the pathetic, weak human in us choosing this?  
We might need Judge Judy for this  
Mass Malthusian delusion  
Mass Malthusian delusion  
Mass Malthusian delusion  
M-Eighty is the new Rick Rubin!

# Canibus Lyrics

"Jason & Brandon Mashia"

Shoutout to Jason and Brandon in New Hampshire

It started with the DOD after World War 2 in Japan  
When the company branched  
That ended up with the money clan  
And put em on Open Sea  
For the whole world to see  
A man so handsome  
Has never been killed for ransom  
They put pineapple skins in his mouth and gagged him  
Then put him in a barnproof box and fragged him  
Tortured, burned, wasted, boiled, fileted, strangled  
Hanged him upside down in a pit with wild animals  
Wearing multiverse wearables, highly scalable  
Near innumerable variables  
Then just stand there and stare at you  
Half the room quiet  
Half the room was hysterical  
There's a parable about the plot he was buried next to  
I read their electronic diary  
Right before they fired me  
Then when I wrote a better one  
They rehired me  
Oh, how fitting the irony  
Sometimes society was so kind to me  
That I'd literally rhyme for free  
If the term set forth was suitable  
Won't you agree they become immutable  
Carry crucibles to your cubicle  
And of course, none of this is really provable  
If for any reason you refuse to go  
I just wanted you to know  
If you can adjust protocol  
I'll take you to the next Super Bowl  
As long as that's between me and you tho  
Behold the Infinity Scrolls  
Vintage investors and sophisticated collectors  
Standing outside in the cold  
We serve piping hot, caramel macchiatos  
And hand out customary Columbian ponchos on loan  
For those calling my phone  
Our operators are standing by  
To provide 5-star service  
And answer any question you might compose  
But I think you're holding the mic too close  
Please be patient while we place you on hold  
Each custom vintage mold

Physically sold but individually owned  
My writing process is like minting gold  
We can modify his behavior  
By shooting him in the head with a laser  
Then 5G, Terminator his ass later  
Tied down in a Crypto.com center hide lounge  
By this British broad that tried to offer me five pounds  
Ok, let's go talk business  
Somewhere off in the distance  
Real normal like you just talking to Christians  
The glass so thick cylinder case pyramid shape  
How could you really hate what a real lyricist make?  
I shave tips for a living, yeah about two clients per day  
The best way to talk shit to a scientist's face  
Playing poker, met a cougar at Kroger  
A few years older, she walked over  
And asked me to sign her Canibus poster  
The black market certified smoker  
Taking a total piss at the voters  
And anyone counter uplifting the culture  
Every man on my rifle team has the survival gene  
And at least five vial streams of covered bible means  
They changed my orders, forced me to the border  
Now I'm living in a yurt native mut  
With Ethiopian quality water  
How would you like your omelet metaburger  
Bacteria bomblets, beyond vegan nanoelectronics  
Who is the aggressor and who is compliant?  
Who's agenda murders the uninspired  
Underneath the shroud of science?  
They're gonna hold you responsible, hundred percent  
They're gonna charge you for attaching it to a sugar molecule  
I saw visions of the slaughter  
On the outermost layer of the transmission fluid  
Floating on top of the water  
Yeah, a lot of things he say be way out there  
But what can it hurt  
Just to hear him out with your inner ear?  
Its a nice day outside  
I untied the ropes  
Come on baby, let's take a ride on the boat  
Generator humming, starboard and port both running  
Yo, what in the hell you fuss about now, woman?  
Black thought and beats, just you and me  
Dead jubilee, free like our ancestors used to be  
Smile, lay down, chill, the starship Disney hotel  
Black Amex card, pay all the bills  
Mickey Mouse bubble bath  
'Como se dise' suffering succotash  
So in love with your thick fat ass  
Let's start a business, 24 hour fitness?  
Or Bed and Breakfast, real estate assistance  
Or maybe publishing or printing?

Now if I sell my soul and you collect the money  
When we reinvest it I can buy my soul back, honey  
If you the nicest why you charge bargain basement prices  
Insight that's hybrid dead silent  
Dismembered and lifeless  
Peace be well, indeed  
Be grateful for your BNT sales  
With detailed descriptions in the email  
He has the immune system of a Super  
He was standing rooster  
By the time he had his 30th booster  
It is not a paradox to fight to pursue life  
It's only right, some humans need a spark to see the light  
The data was captured but contaminated  
The bag of biohazard waste  
Was handed over to the pond scum  
That originally made it  
A sophisticated, very well natured  
Educated behaviorist  
Who happens to be my absolute favorite  
I rarely exaggerate when I rhyme in the booth  
Even a minuscule eyes my Olympic kind of truth

Can't forget Thomas Gibson and Brian from Virginia  
Creme de la creme Rippers who put up for the big picture

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Astaxanthian Man"

(feat. Born Sun)

Emotion manifest thought  
Though manifest action  
Kinetic action manifest the reality we crafted  
True masters enjoy the fruits of their labor with laughter  
But this can only take place after

Yo, it's the knock-kneed, Mach deep  
Flows travel at Mach speed  
My God squad, Bomb Squad  
Channeling Keith Shocklee  
From the heart of New York  
City blocks is like the arteries  
On the side where God'll be  
When they decide to martyr me  
See the necessity  
For the Christ and the Hitler  
Brevity of the Scriptures  
Will register on the Richter  
While most go  
Way of the gun, way of the ego  
Allowing words to penetrate  
Will solely that's cerebral  
I evolved to God  
Transcended the MC  
I began to get free  
And turn my Chi to channel me  
And "Yay, tho I walk thru the valley  
Where the shadows dwell"  
I stand tall like pyramids  
When the Pharaohs fell  
My Akhi's the all-eye seeing  
Annunaki's will spot me  
Doing shows for human beings  
Impact of my raps  
Put cracks in the Colosseum  
My remains will headline  
A world tour at your museums

Emotion manifest thought  
Though manifest action  
Kinetic action manifest the reality we crafted  
True masters enjoy the fruits of their labor with laughter  
But this can only take place after

The work is done  
Work on all fronts



Mind, body, spirit, soul  
Sun

Sundoolah, veteran Sharpshootah  
On the battlefield  
I bet you half a million  
Caliber ain't half as real  
We black Mayans  
We set it like Somalian pirates  
Subterranean tyrants  
That slay giants  
Squeezing the iron  
At your passa' cuh he lying  
He babble on  
Fronting like he down with Mt. Zion  
Divine purpose  
I see you scurry to your churches  
To purchase the word of God  
But your currency is worthless  
The soul still searches  
You praying to your false prophets  
Its faulty logic  
And the cost is your lost profit  
Knowledge is flawed like the Gnostics  
I got this  
Brandishing, understanding  
Unseen to the optics  
I rest in fantasy  
'Til I reach my moment of clarity  
Give birth to thoughts  
And man manifesting mad reality  
A young Marcus Garvey  
With a gun on the Harley  
The dark messenger  
Resurrected as Sun Marley  
They asking me  
"Yo, Sun where you been at?"  
In my jeans in Queens  
Nigga, I been at where my skin at  
I'm on stealth for health  
And spiritual wealth  
Confront the evil of my ego  
Slap boxing with my shadow self  
Then pray solemnly  
That peace be upon me  
Then calmly with Pastor zombies  
Wearing Abercrombie  
I bomb beats, gunning  
Like a young Huey Newton  
But human evolution  
Starts within a revolution  
Son of Harriet Tubman  
A gap toothed Farrakhan

And on my dad's Quran  
I never swear upon  
Rappers is butt  
That's why I run up on 'em like What  
I'm King Tut with gold teeth  
And a Queens strut  
Born Sun the benevolent  
Among the levelest souls  
I'm universal like ether  
The fifth element  
I'm not running  
Nigga, I bust my gun in  
Sharpshootahz, Sundoolah  
The Master Builders coming

Emotion manifest thought  
Though manifest action  
Kinetic action manifest the reality we crafted  
True masters enjoy the fruits of their labor with laughter  
But this can only take place after

The work is done

# Canibus Lyrics

## "One Step Closer To Infinity"

I get home, go to my room  
Then close the door  
There's a shrine with hollow bones  
And designs on the floor  
Modern electron Scope  
LED color modes  
Up until recently  
This is how I discovered flows  
I landed my Space X  
In a Tyvek suit with a face mesh  
But I confess  
I haven't been to space yet  
When the fans get depressed  
They go to my last known address  
Text my phone with cold threats  
He's addicted to cigarettes  
She's addicted to 5 minutes sex  
As it turns out  
Both their needs relieve stress  
Oh my god, look at all these Comic-Con hoes  
I sniff her toes  
Then got Omicron on my nose  
How else would you know?  
I am the man from Cybertron  
Attending this year's Comic-Con  
Wit' greasy goggles on  
Toggle my screen  
Smoke medical tree from a bong  
I'm looking for Mr. Incredible's wife in a thong  
It is cold outside  
But behind these doors it is warm  
Ever since I turned the rocket stove on  
I haven't had this much peace and quiet in so long  
I forgot how bad the world has gone  
I'm a One Hundred-year-old black Clint Eastwood  
I'm a shooter with a Lapua  
Chilling in the woods  
There is no survival group  
C'mon man, there's only 5 of you  
What the fuck that supposed to do?  
Put that weight on your shoulders?  
Ya clavicle could end up in ya colon  
Some things are better not spoken  
The schedules open  
Your interviews at 12  
They wanna ask you about L  
Thank you 'Bus, checks in the mail

Empty C130  
Me and the old lady getting flirty  
Can't help myself  
She so purdy  
Took a Zoom course  
On genome streamline sewing  
We discuss the top 5  
Depopulation components  
Chapter Six: The Labyrinth of Indecision  
Lemme' see if you get it  
Can anyone tell me  
Where this book was written?  
She spoke in some kind of code  
Wearing some old Merovingian clothes  
She had a Native American indigenous nose  
My phone fell in the river  
A diver was hired to retrieve it  
And bring it back to my sister, before dinner  
I read on the internet  
How I could bring it back to life  
If I let it dry in a bag of Jasmine rice  
I was a bad boy more than twice  
All night, she wore tights  
It's not illegal to stare, is it right?  
I speak to Ptah in patois  
He hears best  
For me to speak the Queen's English  
Is a fair request  
See I never been the type  
To buckle from peer pressh  
No quest's, and even if I was  
I was near best  
When I feel like a rebel  
I piss off the side of my vessel  
And don't know why  
I'm compelled to tell you  
I ain't tryna sell you  
Show and Tell you, or help you  
Direct energy melt you  
Who in the bloody hell ever felt you?  
Can anybody rhyme like this?  
Well if they could  
It wouldn't be special  
And that's what I'm tryna tell you  
You made a Bob Dylan deal  
With the devil, God bless you  
Now you in trouble  
Sitting in a Mosque temple  
Eating rotten spam and lentils  
Pen and paper  
Pad and pencil  
Rehearsing over my song instrumental  
Tell the truth, you do it for revenue

You dont care whether or not it's ethical  
You commit lyrical Seppuku  
Don't you dare listen to them  
And don't let them get you  
If this is a test  
It's God testing you  
Ice burn blisters  
The flow so cold  
You get the shivers  
When you are surrounded by niggas  
Holding clippers  
Trimming your whiskers  
Spritzers wit' a sprinkle of citrus  
Damn 'Bis, you sure know how to make an entrance  
Maintenance drinkers  
Brother Numsi and the Soul Sisters  
A bunch of crypto gold diggers  
The worm from the wood taste bitter  
You do the logistics  
I do the metrics  
The old wizard with barcoded innards  
Ya root chakra need a colon cleansing  
Like rotary engines, leftover emissions  
With high compression, low resistance  
That piece of shit is grossly expensive  
Bro, what you thinking?  
I remember being lectured by Richard Metzger  
Caterpillar and maggot cocoons  
Burrow deep in the open wounds  
Of the soon to be damned and doomed  
Aerosolized drugs  
Drift down from the skies above  
Because we looked up  
And cried for love  
Honey Nigella Sativa  
Gently inserted into amoebas  
With nanotweezers to stop seizures  
And the roll-up your sleeves  
Then rebuild they photon receivers  
A good writer gives all the credit to the readers  
Verbal flash freeze  
Cold flows to the Nth degree  
One step closer to infinity  
One step closer, the multiverse vocaler  
That did it for the culture  
The wait is near over!

# Canibus Lyrics

## "Lord Cyborg"

Good morning, top of the day  
I oxygenate with coffee and omelette steak  
Then I decarboxylate  
Pull a stocking down over my face  
Tuck that thing in the waist  
Meet you downstairs at the gate  
They say the brown-tailed squirrel  
Is entitled to lessen this world  
I find it hard to respect those words  
Tonic subdominant dominant  
Influence beta vocal and beat moderate  
While still placing my voice on top of it  
(Are you a philosopher?)  
Yes, I think very deeply  
In fact, alkaline hydrolysis exists  
When you come to terms with that  
Your blood will be [?] tapped  
From biosludge in a vat  
And your world will collapse  
Vampires want blood  
And pseudo-scientists want biosludge  
Basic Instructions Before B.I.B.L.E. Club  
The pillars of justice  
Crushed to dust by a nigga with musket  
They handcuffed him 'cause he spit with substance  
Ask around, he ain't nothin' to fuck with  
Or be in love with  
Them handcuffs is like titanium cufflings

Verily, verily I say unto you  
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

Go 'head, claim that baggage  
Delta Strike Force package  
My drones over traffic cause accidents to happen  
You must be reading my mind  
He a one man machine that rhyme  
A baby doberman eating at your spine  
Beginning to feed off your insides  
If I was you I wouldn't think twice  
The main concern is to preserve life  
If I was you? Play nice, bruh, don't be mean  
I cried watching what happened to behind the scenes ?gene?  
299 days later I walked in the bodega  
Wearing gold plated Ray-Ban Aviators  
Rap don't prove you great  
I show you how catastrophe taste

Throw battery acid in your face  
The Lawnmower Man with motorized hands  
My hydraulics crush hydrogen tanks and make a thug dance  
No cap, I called Lord Cyborg on the map  
He ain't no hip hop cop, he got a badge for rap  
308 [\*rrrat\*] unique angle of attack  
That yellow-bellied rat just shot him in the back  
Now you got a malfunctioning backpack  
In zero gravity, how the fuck you gon' get back  
Yo [?] to go collect all his plaques  
I never thought of that  
But I'ma have to go with "no, thanks"  
I got a certified postage letter  
From the globalists on my dresser  
And I ain't gon' never open it  
They want my Infinity check  
I signed an NDA with the Senator  
14 years later we see the release  
Of something suspiciously similar  
They stole my shit  
Look at all them flows I spit  
I'm multidisciplinary, yet nothing could'a prepared me  
For what I experienced in the rap game summarily

Verily, verily I say unto you  
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

Verily, verily I say unto you  
I watched it all happen from the telecom room  
In plain view I saw Metatron under a full moon  
With the Sephiroth in his crew eating energon cubes  
The Lord Cyborg's blackball is atrocious  
The interview with Joe Rogan got zero promotion  
Dr. Malone had him open  
I was in the background coachin' him  
Dewey Cooper the Black Kobra and TJ was chokin' him  
Had him tappin' out all over the linoleum  
Then Don Corleone got Covid again  
Every day occurrences like this  
Are circumstantial adverses  
That get perverted into a burden  
Holographic indigenous camouflage projection  
A weapon system we generally use for our protection  
Poetry marginal margin, now that's what I'm talkin'  
If I'm flyin' in a Black Hawk, that's what I'm squawkin'  
100,000 bars and runnin', keep marchin'  
I don't answer the phone, I don't care who callin'  
The bad boy a good talk  
Kamayamaya him a boss  
That's him layin' in the Himalayan salt  
Blessed the man with heart  
Where beautiful things are  
Barefoot before God prayin' in the park

Lamb shish kebab, wolf gang, murder mouth in a synagogue  
50 bars, Cappadonna - Winter Warz  
Master Builder Bus, the group I'm a member of  
We came to free the hip hop prisoners  
And lift your spirit up  
3rd eye live it up  
The microphone is a good listener

Verily, verily I say unto you  
Microphone check 1, 2, 1, 2

I massage my mustache with Lemon & Bergamot from a glass  
A thick fog develops from hot gas  
My Jamaican grandma gon' whoop your ass  
'Cause you ate the last dumpling out the pot, dumbass  
Verily, verily I say unto you  
Microphone check 2, 0, 2, 2



# Canibus Lyrics

## "Illfinity 101"

As we walk through the strings of my soul

My pain, my joy, my thoughts

1000 bars equals one word from God

Six billion stars

In a world living in shit

I'm trying to figure out

What this life really is

How is this reality?

Can somebody fucking answer me?

How could we allow ourselves

To be in a fantasy?

In a world with lost souls

And empty dreams

I'ma have to show my love

In the form of mp3's

I was born in an empty sea

My tears created oceans

Producing tsunami waves

With emotions

Patrolling the open seas

Of an unknown galaxy

I was floating in front

Of who I am physically

Spiritually paralyzing

Mind, body and soul

It gives me energy

When I'm lyrically exercising

I gotta spit 'til the story is told

In a dream by celestial bodies

Follow me, baby

I know the lyrics that I put to the music

Has always been cerebral

In one way or another

And uh, apart from that

I just feel like, man

You know sometimes life beats you down

Just to remind you that you're alive

And you know there's no better time than the present

To try and actualize your dreams

Infinity

The universe is the mother of all

Whether big

Whether small

Whether short

Whether tall  
Whether devil  
Whether God  
Whether weak  
Whether strong  
Whether right  
Whether wrong  
Whether that  
Whether this  
Reptilian beast  
Bird, man or fish  
And nothing on this earth  
Can dissuade this  
Poet Laureate  
With more shapes than snowflakes  
Existing everywhere  
But they still can't locate  
My flow bloviates into a spiritual shape  
And co creates reality  
My internal compass  
Pontificates dramatically  
I am not here to negotiate  
With the enemy  
I am here to create  
Product of illuminated speech and wizardry  
Poet Laureate Infinity  
I will forever be the illest lyrically  
Poet Laureate Infinity

A cataclysmic blast  
Forced me to expand  
The centrifuge the mask  
Third strand is a staircase  
My opponent didn't like  
Study of conics  
Circle emotion in both  
The para and the hyperbolas

A cataclysmic blast  
Forced me to expand  
The centrifuge the mask  
Third strand is a staircase  
My opponent didn't like  
Study of conics  
Circle emotion in both  
The para and the hyperbolas

And the spacecraft keeps losing speed